

Memorial Day-Reconciliation

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN



I'm getting bowed and I've long been gray. O friend from our Southern land, But a voice from the past thrills my soul today. At the clasp of your strong, brown hand; Many years have passed since you and I met, Though it

seems scarce a day to me, Since we buried our dead, with the battle rain wet, On that hill by the Tennessee.

A bugler in gray came down to the shore, And signaled a truce to the blue; Two captains rode out, 'mid the wreck and the gore, I was one, and the other was you; We met 'neath a tree, where two young soldiers lay; We shouted, but they gave no sign; The one was your brother, who'd fallen in the fray, The other was brother of mine.

There, under that oak, we made them one grave, And your eyes and my eyes were damp, As we cut in the bark: "They were foemen and brave!" Then each turned and rode back to his camp. Like true men you fought, till fighting was vain, For those who drew sword on your side, But I've prayed since that day to meet you again, And to talk of our brothers who died.

To talk of the hunger, the march, and the strife, Of the snows and the summers' fierce heat, And to say: "We are stronger for knowing that life, Though mine was success yours defeat."

But a truce, a truce we forever must keep, Has come for you and for me; We are brothers at heart, through the brothers who sleep On that hill by the Tennessee. — Christian Herald.



NEVER CAN BE FORGOTTEN

No Danger That the Purpose of Memorial Day Will Fade From the Hearts of Americans.

If the younger men and women who join with the veterans in the tributes do not have the same sense of personal loss they have a respect and reverence for the dead of that great war which will pass on down the generations, not lessening as they go, and that will insure an observance of the beautiful rites on into an indefinite future long after the last veteran has passed from earth. It is not to be wondered at if sometimes the aging survivors of the war, remembering the experiences of the terrible four years and jealous lest due honor be not given the martyr dead, fear that the great conflict and the country's sacrifices will be forgotten by a heedless people when they are gone.

They need not have this fear. Though it seems a thoughtless generation, this of the latter day, intent upon its own affairs and regardless of what has gone before, appreciation of the soldiers is there in strong measure, and as years go by and a clearer perspective shows what was wrought by the war, comprehension and appreciation will increase. It was not at once that the American people knew what the revolution had done for them. It was many years before societies of descendants of revolutionary soldiers were formed and a soldier ancestry eagerly sought. It will not be so long until to have had an ancestor among the soldiers of the Union will be considered a greater honor. There is no lack of sentiment among Americans, heedless though they may seem, and there is no danger that the purpose of Memorial day will ever be forgotten.

All Joyousness a Tribute.

It in no way impeaches the genuineness of Memorial day sentiment that multitudes make it a holiday of mirth and sport. That is the spirit of youth, the call of spring, the law of life. It was to make such joys possible, to brighten and enrich the future of the republic, that the heroes of the country's wars went to battle and to death.

His Most Harrowing Experience

NO doubt, colonel," said the beautiful girl, "you have undergone some terrible hardships and frightful ordeals!"

The gray-haired veteran, who had found an easy seat after the rather trying Memorial day parade, permitted a twinkle to creep into his good eye. He still had admiration for beauty.

"Yes," he said, "I have had some pretty rough experiences."

"I have always thought," she assured him with sweet enthusiasm, "that if I were a man I should rather be a soldier than anything else. It



"You Must Tell Me About Them."

seems to me it must be so splendid to think that one may be called on at any moment to risk one's life."

"Oh, it hardly comes to that."

"But you just said you had undergone terrible ordeals. Haven't you ever been in a battle?"

"Yes, I have been in a number of battles."

"How lovely!" she exclaimed, taking a seat beside him. "You must tell me about them."

"Where shall I begin? Do you want to hear the whole history of my life? I'm afraid most of it would be uninteresting."

"Tell me about your most terrible experience."

"Let me see? I hardly think you would care to hear about that."

"Oh, indeed I would. You needn't be afraid that I shall faint at the mention of blood. I imagine I can see you sitting upon your championing charger, waving your gleaming sword, and calling upon your men to follow you—to death, if necessary."

"My most terrible experience had no such romantic setting."

"Didn't it? At least you picked up the flag after the brave man who had carried it fell, and waved it in defiance at the enemy."

"I did that once, but it wasn't my most terrible experience."

"Well, please go on and tell me about it."

"It was night before last. I visited the son of one of my old comrades, and for an hour he and his wife kept me sitting in a corner pretending to be interested while they made their children recite 'pieces' to me."

HENRY HOWLAND.

RECALLING DAYS OF OLD



At the Gettysburg reunion last summer the veterans delighted in such entertainments as this.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

"It Ain't a Menagerie; Pull Down the Fence!"

WASHINGTON.—From an obscure corner of the congressional directory and a not overly well-known portion of the state of Indiana, steps into the limelight, one Henry A. Barnhart, member of congress from the Thirtieth district of the Hoosier state, and leader of a constituency of 258,674 souls.



From May 1, 1914, until time shall be no more, the Indiana congressman will be canonized on the pages of fame as the man who discovered that wild animals no longer roam the granolithic sidewalks of the District of Columbia, and the man who accordingly introduced a resolution in congress asking that Secretary Lane of the interior department pull down the high

picket fence that surrounds his bailiwick. With a flowing wealth of legislative parlance, including sonorous and euphonic phrases, the "gentleman from Indiana" introduced his resolution in the house the other day.

It seems that at some time or other, the picket fence surrounding the Department of the Interior building, on the block bounded by Seventh, Ninth, F and G streets northwest, has held the attention of the Indiana congressman.

Lifting one hand majestically toward the skylight, Mr. Barnhart said: "Mr. Speaker," he announced, "this is my resolution:

"Whereas, wild animals no longer infest the business district of the national capital and horses, cattle and hogs are no longer permitted to roam at large therein, and,

"Whereas, ours is a nation of civilized people without need of restraint by barrier of high fences; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, that the secretary of the interior be, and hereby is, authorized to remove the iron fences now surrounding the buildings occupied by the department of the interior and the general land office."

Tests Show the Value of Fresh Air Schools

THAT school children who are taught in fresh-air classrooms advance more rapidly in their studies and make greater improvement in weight and strength than children in regular classrooms is a conclusion demonstrated

by Frank H. Mann of New York before the sociological section of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The speaker reported on a series of experiments carried on jointly by the New York committee on the prevention of tuberculosis and the board of education, in which three groups of children were studied to note the effect of fresh air upon them.

In one group the children were placed in fresh-air classes and were fed during school hours with milk and crackers morning and afternoon; in the second group the children were left in the ordinary classroom under regular conditions. Every effort was made to eliminate or equalize in the comparison such variable factors as age, home conditions, physical condition, school conditions, nativity, etc. The two groups of children in the fresh-air classes were all undernourished and anemic at admission.

The results of this experiment, extending from September to June, showed that all of the poorly nourished and anemic children in the fresh-air classes gained in weight, red corpuscles in the blood, general nutrition and physical tone.

Effort to Stop Traffic in Habit-Forming Drugs

IN A desperate effort to stop the traffic in habit-forming drugs in the United States, such as opium, cocaine, morphine and heroin, congress will, within the next few weeks, place upon the statute books a law that is more drastic than anything ever before attempted



along this line. This law, the consideration of which by the senate committee on finance has been delayed for many months, will require that every person who imports, manufactures, sells or gives away opium, morphine, coca leaves, cocaine or any of their derivatives or preparations shall register his name with the collector of internal revenue of the district.

Further, he shall not sell this opium, cocaine, heroin or morphine except in pursuance of a written order on a form to be issued in blank for that purpose by the commissioner of internal revenue of the United States treasury department. This order shall be kept on file for a period of two years by the dealer so that it may be accessible for inspection by federal and state officials. The purchaser of these drugs must keep a duplicate of the form for similar inspection.

In other words, if a citizen is addicted to the use of opium or cocaine, and purchases either of these drugs, he must be on public record as a drug fiend and the dealer on record as a person who is willing to sell to the

unfortunates.

"Business" Is Now Dead for Capital's Beggars

"PANHANDLERS" who hang out under the trees along Pennsylvania avenue a few blocks from the treasury have come to the conclusion that "business" here is "dead." The "first aid" ticket of the Associated Charities is blamed by the beggars. The nickels and dimes obtained from citizens of prosperous appearance during the old rich years have gone. Instead the "panhandler" now is given a "first aid" ticket.

When somebody devised the ticket plan packages of the tickets, done up like mileage books, were issued to the business and professional men of Washington.

The "first aid" ticket is the printed application of a citizen for help on behalf of some individual who is supposed to need it. So far the plan has worked well, hence the complaint of the beggars that "business" is poor.

There was a time in Washington when an alert panhandler could net \$4 to \$6 on any pleasant summer evening—all in money, mostly nickels and dimes. But now times have changed. Within the past few weeks Washington has been flooded with "first aid" tickets and the tired business man, instead of shelling out his nickel or his dime, tears off a "first aid" ticket and goes his way wailing.

The officials of the Associated Charities are pleased with the plan. They say that a man really needing help will come to them, get what he requires and subject his case to the investigation of the charity workers. If he's a professional he wants cash and cash only and he never comes near.



MAKE HOME GROUNDS A PICTURE

By R. L. JACOBS.

Begin now to plan the arrangement of the home grounds for the coming season. Make all planting subservient to the home picture as a whole. The house is a central and main part of the home grounds picture, and all other planting should be done with a view of enhancing and making it homelike. If trees, shrubbery and flower beds are placed in front of the house, they detract from its value in the picture.

The main part of the grounds planting should be lawn. Trees and larger shrubs should be set to the rear and sides in masses, and flowering plants, such as the smaller annuals and perennials, should be set in borders at the outer edge of the lawn or along the base of the house.

Some shrubs and vines may be placed in angles about the house or porch to simplify and soften the architectural lines and make the dwelling harmonize with its natural surroundings.

Above all, do not place a flower bed or rosebush right in the center of the lawn to destroy its unity, or usefulness as a pleasure ground for walking or playing.

Let the lawn be free, open, and sweeping in extent, a place where wholesome flooding sunlight pours the whole day long, and where a million dewdrops glitter with iridescence under the morning sun.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

"Carmen Gold."

Carmen Sylva, queen of Roumania, who is now a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, visited Ireland thirty years ago. On landing at Kings-town, her majesty was met by the famous newsvendor, Davy Stephens, who greeted her with, "All hail, Carmen Sylva! Sure, there never was a country in the world where your majesty could meet a finer lot of boys of your Christian name."

The queen smiled, accepted a copy of his biography, and gave him half a sovereign. Whereupon Davy, turning to the cab rank, joyfully exclaimed, "It's a mistake, boys. Sure it's Carmen Gold she should be called."

The Mischief of It.

Irving Bacheller, at the one hundred and eighth annual dinner of the New England society, said of literary refinement:

"There is another unfortunate class of writers whose point of view is too refined, too lofty, for the general public to understand. It is the fate of these poor chaps to starve in garrets."

"A case, you see, of the prophet who is without honor in his own country—and the mischief of it is with such prophets that they never have the money to go abroad."

Different.

Patience—How did you like her new hat?

Patrice—Can't say I think much of it. Where did she get it?

"In Paris."

"But I didn't know she had been on the other side lately."

"Paris, Indiana, I mean."

DID THE WORK

Grew Strong on Right Food.

You can't grow strong by merely exercising. You must have food—the kind you can digest and assimilate.

Unless the food you eat is digested it adds to the burden the digestive organs have naturally to carry. This often means a nervous breakdown.

"About a year ago," writes a Mass. lady, "I had quite a serious nervous breakdown caused, as I believed, by overwork and worry. I also suffered untold misery from dyspepsia."

"First I gave up my position, then I tried to find a remedy for my troubles, something that would make me well and strong, something to rest my tired stomach and build up my worn-out nerves and brain."

"I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to help me."

"Finally a friend suggested change of food and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried a package. That was eight months ago and I have never been without it since."

"Grape-Nuts did the work. It helped me grow strong and well. Grape-Nuts put new life into me, built up my whole system and made another woman of me!"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.